

do. I fully expected that it was a bomb; but, as a moment later, I found that Kennedy and I were still unharmed, I knew that it must be some other product of this devilish genius. "A Chinese smoke bomb!" sputtered and coughed Kennedy, as he retreated a minute, then with renewed vigor endeavored to penetrate the dense and opaque fumes.

We managed to go ahead still, but the intruder had exploded one after another of his peculiar bombs, always keeping ahead of the smoke which he created, and we found that under its cover he had made good his escape.

At the other end of the passageway, up in the living room of the cottage, the draft had carried large quantities of the smoke.

Long Sin, meanwhile, had started to work his way through the bushes to reach the waiting car, with Wu, then paused and listened. Hearing no sound, he replaced the helmet, which he had taken off.

Pursuit was now useless for us. With revolvers drawn, we crept back along the passageway until we came again to the chamber itself. There, on the floor, lay a bag of tools, opened, as though somebody had been working with them.

"Caught red-handed!" exclaimed Kennedy with great satisfaction.

He looked at the tools a minute and then at the electric drill, and finally an idea seemed to strike him. He took up a drill and advanced toward the safe. Then he turned on the current and applied the drill.

The drill was of the very latest design and it went quickly through the steel. But beyond that there was another thin steel partition. This Kennedy tackled next.

The drill went through and he withdrew it.

Instantly the most penetrating and nauseous odor seemed to pervade everything. Kennedy cried out. We staggered back, overcome by the escaping gas, and fell to the ground.

Long Sin with his oxygen helmet on again, had returned to the passageway and was now stealthily creeping back.

He came to the chamber and there discovered us lying on the ground overcome. He bent down and, to his great satisfaction, saw that we were really unconscious.

Quickly he moved over to the safe and pried open the last thin steel plate.

Inside was a small box. He picked it up and tried to open it, but it was locked.

He paused for a moment to look at us, then took out a piece of paper and a pencil and on the paper wrote: "Thanks for your trouble."

Beneath it was signed by his special stamp—the serpent's head, mouth open and fangs showing.

Long Sin looked at us a moment, then a subtle smile seemed to spread over his face. At last he had us in his power.

He drew a long, wicked-looking Chinese knife and carefully tested its edge. It was keen.

In the sitting room Elaine, Aunt Tabby and Joshua had been listening intently at the fireplace, but hearing nothing.

They were now getting decidedly worried. Finally the fumes which we had released made their way to the room.

"I can't stand it any longer," cried Elaine. "I'm going down there to see what has become of them."

Aunt Tabby and Joshua tried to stop her, but she broke away from them and went down the ladder. Rusty leaped down after her.

Joshua tried to follow, but Aunt Tabby held him back. He would have gone, too, if she had not managed to strike the spring and shut the door, closing up the passageway.

Joshua got angry then. "You are making a coward of me," he cried, beating on the panel with the butt of his gun and struggling to open it.

Elaine was now making her way as rapidly as she could through the tunnel, with Rusty beside her.

It was just as Long Sin had raised his knife that the sound of footsteps alarmed him.

He paused and leaped to his feet. There was no time for either to retreat. He started toward Elaine and seized her roughly.

Back and forth over the rocky floor they struggled. As they fought, she with frantic strength, he craftily, he backed her slowly up against the prop that upheld the roof.

He raised his keen knife. She recoiled. The prop, none too strong, suddenly gave way under her weight.

The whole roof of the chamber fell with a crash, earth and stone overwhelming Elaine and her assailant.

By this time Joshua had left the house and had gone out into the garden to get something to pry open the fireplace door.

Of a sudden, to his utter amazement, a few feet from him, it seemed as if the very earth sank in his garden, leaving a yawning chasm.

He looked, unable to make it out. Before his very eyes a strange figure, the figure of Long Sin in his oxygen helmet, appeared, struggling up, as if by magic, from the very earth, shaking the debris off himself, as a dog would shake off the water after a plunge in a pond.

Long Sin was gone in a moment. Then again the earth began to move. A paw appeared, then a sharp black nose, and a moment later Rusty, too, dug himself out.

Joshua had run into the house to get a spade, when Rusty, like a shot, bolted for the house, took the window at a leap and, all covered with earth, landed before Joshua and Aunt Tabby.

"See!—he went down there—now he's here!" cried Aunt Tabby, pointing at the fireplace, then looking at the window.

Rusty was running back and forth from Joshua to the window. "Follow him!" cried Aunt Tabby.

Rusty led the way back again to the garden, to the cave-in.

"Elaine!" gasped Aunt Tabby. By this time Joshua was digging furiously.

Aunt Tabby rushed up as Joshua laid down the spade and lifted out Elaine.

They were about to carry her into the house, when she cried weakly, but with all her remaining strength: "No—no—Dig! Dig! Dig! Dig!"

Rusty, too, was still at it. Joshua fell to again. Man and dog worked with a will.

"There they are!" cried Elaine, as all three pulled us out, unconscious but still alive.

Though we did not know it, they carried us into the house, while Elaine and Aunt Tabby bustled about to get something to revive us.

At last I opened my eyes and saw the motherly Aunt Tabby bending over me. Craig was already revived, weak, but ready now to do anything Elaine ordered, as she held his hand and stroked his forehead softly.

Meanwhile Long Sin had made his way to the automobile, where his master, Wu, waited impatiently.

"Did you get it?" asked Wu eagerly. Long Sin showed him the box.

"Hurry, master!" he cried breathlessly, leaping into the car and struggling to take off the helmet as they drove away. "They may be here—at any moment."

The machine was off like a shot, and even if we had been free, we could not now have caught it.

Back in Wu's sumptuous apartment, later, Wu and his slave, Long Sin, after their hurried ride, dismissed all the servants and placed the little box on the table. Wu rose and locked the door.

Then, together, they took a sharp instrument and tried to pry off the lid of the box.

The lid flew off. They gazed in eagerly.

Inside was a smaller box, which Wu seized and opened.

There, on the plush cushion, lay merely a round knobbed ring!

Was this the end of their great expectations? Were Bennett's millions merely mythical?

The two stared at each other in chagrin.

Wu was the first to speak. "Where there should have been seven million dollars," he muttered to himself, "why is there only a mystic ring?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

HER LUCK NOT ALL DESERVED

Printed Prayer Responsible for Return of Pocketbook Only There by Accident.

She had been paying visits most of the afternoon, and on reaching home and putting away her wraps she discovered that her cardcase was missing. In it had been a dollar or two, her cards and a certified check for \$200, which she had intended to deposit, but had been too late for her bank.

"Heavens," she exclaimed, "shall I ever see it again?" and sat down in her despair to think over everywhere she had been and might have left it. Suddenly the telephone bell rang.

"Are you Miss Blank, and have you lost anything?" inquired the person at the other end.

"Yes; I have just discovered the loss of my cardcase."

"What was in it?" said the voice.

"My cards, some money, a certified check for \$200, and, oh, yes! a little prayer on a slip of paper. Did you see that?"

"Yes," said the voice; "I picked the case up. And just let me tell you that it was that prayer that has brought your property back to you."

The cardcase owner heaved a sigh of relief and thought how lucky it was for her that a Catholic friend had slipped the little printed prayer into her cardcase last summer.

His Weariness.

"A noted scientist declares that we are growing weaker," stated Professor Pate. "He—He's right about it!" growled the Old Codger. "I am sickest myself the most of the time of noted scientists and their silly sayings!"—Kansas City Star.

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Cetinje's Remarkable Prison.

Cetinje, the capital of Montenegro, which is now in the hands of the Austrians, has the most remarkable prison in the world. No walls inclose it, and the inmates, who furnish their own cells just as they please, seem to stay there only because they find their quarters comfortable. The diet is liberal, with wine on occasions, and cigarettes to taste. There is no work to do, no distinctive garb is worn, and comparatively free intercourse is allowed with the outside world. Indeed, on certain feast days the prisoners are permitted to entertain their friends.

In Local Shipping Circles.

Parker—What is your friend Omar doing?

Heiny—Operating a line of schooners.

Parker—Between what points?

Heiny—The bar and his mouth.

KIDNEYS CLOG UP FROM EATING TOO MUCH MEAT

Take Tablespoonful of Salts if Back Hurts or Bladder Bothers—Meat Forms Uric Acid.

We are a nation of meat eaters and our blood is filled with uric acid, says a well-known authority, who warns us to be constantly on guard against kidney trouble.

The kidneys do their utmost to free the blood of this irritating acid, but become weak from the overwork; they get sluggish; the eliminative tissues clog and thus the waste is retained in the blood to poison the entire system.

When your kidneys ache and feel like lumps of lead, and you have stinging pains in the back or the urine is cloudy, full of sediment, or the bladder is irritable, obliging you to seek relief during the night; when you have severe headaches, nervous and dizzy spells, sleeplessness, acid stomach or rheumatism in bad weather, get from your pharmacist about four ounces of Jad Salts; take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast each morning and in a few days your kidneys will act fine. This famous salt is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and has been used for generations to flush and stimulate clogged kidneys, to neutralize the acids in urine so it is no longer a source of irritation, thus ending urinary and bladder disorders.

Jad Salts is inexpensive and cannot injure; makes a delightful effervescent lithia-water drink, and nobody can make a mistake by taking a little occasionally to keep the kidneys clean and active.—Adv.

When It Falls.

"Has she every confidence in her husband?"

"Yes, except when he is driving the car with her in it."—Detroit Free Press.

MOTHER! LOOK AT CHILD'S TONGUE

If cross, feverish, constipated, give "California Syrup of Figs."

A laxative today saves a sick child tomorrow. Children simply will not take the time from play to empty their bowels, which become clogged up with waste, liver gets sluggish; stomach sour.

Look at the tongue, mother! If coated, or your child is listless, cross, feverish, breath bad, restless, doesn't eat heartily, full of cold or has sore throat or any other children's ailment, give a teaspoonful of "California Syrup of Figs," then don't worry, because it is perfectly harmless, and in a few hours all this constipation poison, sour bile and fermenting waste will gently move out of the bowels, and you have a well, playful child again. A thorough "inside cleansing" is oftentimes all that is necessary. It should be the first treatment given in any sickness.

Beware of counterfeit fig syrups. Ask at the store for a 50-cent bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," which has full directions for babies, children of all ages and for grown-ups plainly printed on the bottle. Adv.

Unless a man looks silly when he tells a woman he loves her, he doesn't mean it.

Women Once Invalids

Now in Good Health Through Use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Say it is Household Necessity. Doctor Called it a Miracle.

All women ought to know the wonderful effects of taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound even on those who seem hopelessly ill. Here are three actual cases:



Harrisburg, Penn.—"When I was single I suffered a great deal from female weakness because my work compelled me to stand all day. I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for that and was made stronger by its use. After I was married I took the Compound again for a female trouble and after three months I passed what the doctor called a growth. He said it was a miracle that it came away as one generally goes under the knife to have them removed. I never want to be without your Compound in the house."—Mrs. FRANK KNOBL, 1642 Fulton St., Harrisburg, Penn.

Hardly Able to Move.

Albert Lea, Minn.—"For about a year I had sharp pains across my back and hips and was hardly able to move around the house. My head would ache and I was dizzy and had no appetite. After taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Liver Pills, I am feeling stronger than for years. I have a little boy eight months old and am doing my work all alone. I would not be without your remedies in the house as there are none like them."—Mrs. F. E. YORR, 611 Water St., Albert Lea, Minn.

Three Doctors Gave Her Up.

Pittsburg, Penn.—"Your medicine has helped me wonderfully. When I was a girl 18 years old I was always sickly and delicate and suffered from irregularities. Three doctors gave me up and said I would go into consumption. I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and with the third bottle began to feel better. I soon became regular and I got strong and shortly after I was married. Now I have two nice stout healthy children and am able to work hard every day."—Mrs. CLEMENTINE DUERRING, 34 Gardner St., Troy Hill, Pittsburg, Penn.



All women are invited to write to the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass., for special advice—it will be confidential.

Prince Joachim, the kaiser's youngest son, is the least military of all the Hohenzollerns.

To keep clean and healthy take Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. They regulate liver, bowels and stomach.—Adv.

The downhearted man should cheer up; the chances are his wife isn't a mind reader.

TO STOP TERRIBLE RHEUMATIC PAINS

Get a box of true Mustarine in the original yellow box for about 25 cents at druggists. Rub it on the inflamed joints or muscles, and that almost unbearable agony will go at once.

No rheumatic sufferer can afford to be without true Mustarine, for it never fails to give blessed relief. Use it for aches or pains anywhere, and for sore throat, bronchitis and pleurisy. There's relief in every rub. It stops pain and congestion. True Mustarine is made by Begy Medicine Co., Rochester, N. Y.

Stepping on a banana peel has enabled a lot of men to go their length.

About every ten years an old joke is given a new lease of life.

FREE TRIAL OUTFIT

The outfit answers all questions. Shows you clearly—makes you fit quickly—then you will join us. Ring, Box 557, Milwaukee, W.

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